

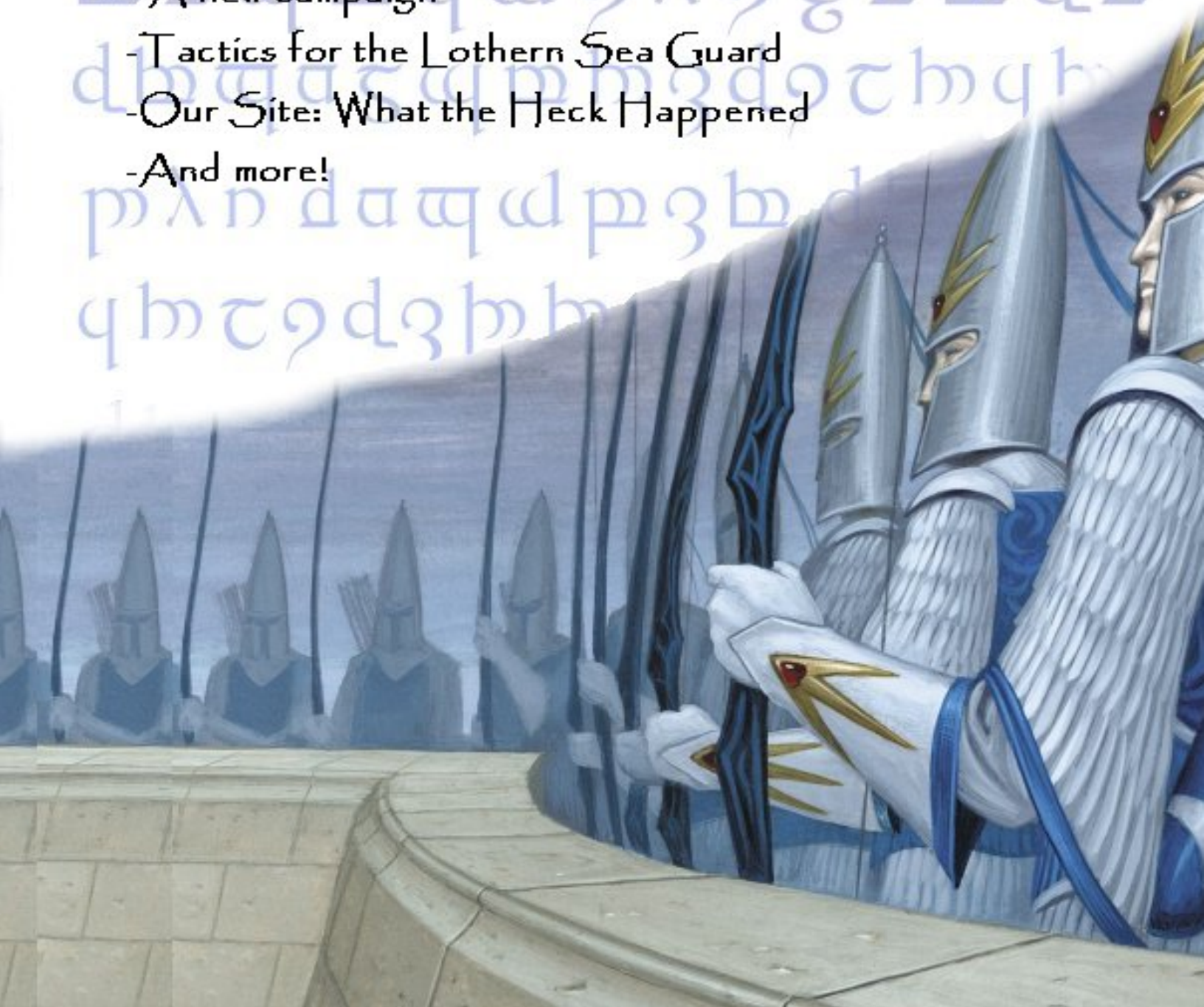
The Citizen Levy

Issue 1

June 14, 2004

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The Citizen Levy

The Official Magazine of Asur.org

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Editor In Chief: Tyrion Reaper

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The Chronicle Has Returned!

The Chronicle was once the newsletter for Ulthuan.org. Now with the revival of our community, we felt it fitting to have an online magazine once more, and so the Chronicle has been born again as the Citizen Levy. I have put this issue together instead of the usual Tyrion Reaper. However, all credit for the content of this site goes to him – as the only reason why he has not done this is because he is away for university. All of the articles and content were organized and developed by him and his very dedicated group of reporters. Much credit this issue goes to NZBMB, who wrote the great campaign that is featured in this issue. We are still gauging how often an issue of the Citizen Levy will be released – but we do know this much – that this is a magazine by the members of Asur.org and for the members. Traditionally the Loremasters have little to do with the e-zine save for writing an article on occasion, and it just goes to show how great of a website we truly have. If you want to contribute to the Citizen Levy – please feel free. Contact Tyrion Reaper or any of the Loremasters – we can steer you in the right direction. This will be my only entry as temporary editor for the Citizen Levy, after this issue it goes back to the rightful man in charge – Tyrion and his great staff.

Regards,

TimmyMWD
Loremaster of Asur.org

Finrier's Mailbag

Starting next issue, Citizen Levy will feature a new section: Finreir's Mailbag. Send us any questions or feedback you have on fluff, rules, the website, Citizen Levy or anything else, and we'll answer as many of them as possible.

Meet The Staff

The Editor In Chief: Tyrion Reaper

I'm 21, have been on Ulthuan for nearly 2 years and have collected HE for about 12 years and it's the only army I have collected. I play football, tennis and enjoy swimming. I support Manchester United and I'm from England. I am currently studying archaeology



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Eataine Marshals For War

By TimmyMWD

As the forces of Chaos march towards Middenheim, the Asur are arriving to aide the race of men. The mighty Lothorn Sea Guard, the most powerful naval force in the world, has arrived and is bringing its force to bear against the massive tide of Chaos surging through the world.

This issue will have part one of my tactics session, covering general army information and introducing a generic list. Next issue we will cover tactics versus specific opponents.

The Lothorn Sea Guard list is fairly narrow in scope, and as such there are very few variants in the list that you can present. The list is obviously focused around the Lothorn Sea Guard, a 15 pt (16 pt if you include a shield) unit that can fight in three ranks in spears and can also shoot 24" with a bow. This is largely considered to be an overpriced unit by high elf players, and is rarely used in traditional high elf armies. This is not an option in the LSG list; however, because it is the only core unit that actually fulfils your minimum core requirements. A slight benefit is that champions may receive up to 25 pts in magic items, so you can provide small surprises for your opponent. In terms of battlefield tactics, Lothorn Sea Guard operate very much like the regular High Elf Spears – large blocks are very effective as they gain the maximum effectiveness from their three ranks of spears.

The other core option is the ships crew. While they cannot take a champion and are not under the "Master of the Mists" rule, they are far cheaper than LSG. Starting off at 9 points, they can be equipped with spears, bows, and additional armor. If you upgrade them with everything they are 13 pts, have the same equipment as the Sea Guard, but are

three points cheaper. So if you have all of your core minimums filled by Sea Guard and still want a nice block of infantry for much cheaper, the Ship's Crew is a strong consideration. Consider the math:

A 5 by 4 block of Lothorn Sea Guard (no command, for simplicities sake): 320 points
A 5 by 4 block of Ship's Crew fully equipped with Light Armor, Shields, Spears, and Bows: 260 points
~ a 60 point difference.

Originally, Lothorn Rangers were the only Special Choice and were a 2+ requirement, which meant that at minimum you were spending 150 points in special. While this may seem like a let down, Shadow Warriors are a necessity in this army. Since you haven't cavalry, they are critical for disrupting march movements, blocking line of sight, etc.

An errata was released that made Great Eagles a special choice (1-2 still counting as a single Special Choice). This adds another critical boost to the army. Now you have something that can harass war machines and fast cav in turn one, which is a necessity so that great cannons or stone throwers aren't devastating your blocks of infantry from the get go.

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Like special, you have two options for your rare choices. One is the Repeater Bolt Thrower, a classic and necessary war machine for the army. Since you have no heavy hitting cavalry or any elite infantry to soften up enemy units for your main spear line, it is up to Repeater Bolt Throwers to do the job. Multi shot for lots of troops, single shot for those tough baddies. Personally, I always take one merwyrn for support, and fill up the rest of my rare slots with RBTs, but it all depends on what style of army you'd like to play.

Your other option is the Merwyrn. A 200 point creature that causes terror, has a 3+ save, a high weapon skill, can regenerate AND test leadership off of the mage it is bound to? Not a bad choice at all. This is the only heavy hitting option in close combat that the list has to offer, and it is a good one. The Merwyrn can serve well in multiple rolls – it can easily take on units by itself – but it really excels in the counter charge. While your massive blocks of spears take on the brunt of a charge, having a nasty beast hitting the flank or rear of the enemy is devastating.

Different Styles of Play

Traditional Army– Built around big blocks (20 or so) of Sea Guard, comes with a good blend of RBT and maybe a Merwyrn and some eagles. All about the defensive shoot 'em up.

Guerilla Warfare - Shadow Warriors and Eagles anyone? With minimum sized core units and lots of Shadow Warriors and Eagles, this army is all about annoying your opponent. Usually Sea Lords with Bow of the Sea Fearer and Commodores with Reaver Bow join these units.

Beast Army – This concept became more popular with the addition of Eagles. Minimum Sea Guard and Ranger units, but max out on Eagles and Merwyrms. On top of that, take a Prince on a Griffon or Dragon.

For discussing tactics I will use the more traditional list, the 2500 point list that *I* use.

Enthardon's Sea Guard Host – 2500 points

Enthardon (Sea Lord) @ 223 pts
Master of Mists, Shadow Armor, Shield, Bow of the Sea Farer, Talisman of Protection

My long time Warhammer character is a shadow warrior, so I could not make my general anything

else but that. This is the traditional Bow + Shadow Armor combination, and its potency is increased because now characters inside ranger units may shoot in the pre round shooting, and given Enthardon's ballistic skill, only a roll of a 1 can screw up his shot.

Heroes:

Commodore @ 133 points
Lion Guard, Halberd, Heavy Armor, Longbow

I took the Lion Guard honor because the unit he is with is stubborn. Since I plan on using him in my center LSG regiment that means the middle of my infantry block is now stubborn on leadership 9. Not bad at all. I threw in a Halberd so that he can be strength 5, but still strike in initiative order.

Mage @ 170 points
Level 2 Mage, 2x Dispel Scrolls
Scroll Caddie, but also level 2 because I would like to have some magic available.

Mage @ 170 points
Level 2 Mage, Channeller and Seer honors
This gives me one mage that can pick his spells, and that can use more power dice for any needed force behind a spell.

Core:

2 units of Lothorn Sea Guard @ 355 points each
Both units have 20 Sea Guard with Full Command and Shields

Shields, in my opinion, are essential. Other than that, a traditional block of infantry

1 unit of Lothorn Sea Guard @ 359 points
19 Sea Guard, Shields, Full Command, War Banner
Joined by Commodore

Stubborn plus an additional +1 CR bonus from the banner equates to a strong middle line for my forces. I have found this works out very well.

Ship's Crew @ 149 points
11 Ship's Crew, comes with Bow, Spear, Light Armor, and Musician
Joined by Mage #2
I usually use this one to guard my Bolt Throwers or as a counter charge unit if necessary.

Special:
2 units of Lothorn Sea Rangers @ 75 points each

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Both units have 5 Sea Rangers, one is joined by Enthardon.
Fairly simple, it meets the 2+ minimum requirement.

Rare:

Merwyrm @ 200 points
Bound to Mage #2
As explained in the tactics, I use this in a variety of roles. I have found that most people want to avoid

this terror causing baddie, and so often times send it out in front of a weak flank to try and force my opponent away from that location into my main line of spears.

Repeater Bolt Thrower Battery @ 200 points
2 RBTs
Deployed on a hill behind the guard of the Ship's Crew, Bolt Throwers are an essential part of any army.

That wraps it up for this half of the Sea Guard tactics discussion. Next time I'll give you deployment ideas and tactics for that sample army list above, and also give tactics/alternate army ideas for playing against specific opponents.

Ulthuan: What Happened To Our Site?

Our troubles have been many, but we still have not given up. As most of you know, our current home is far different than the one we had this time last year. Our issues began a few months ago when our Ulthuan.org home kept changing IP addresses. This would cause the site to crash while the domain name was re-aligned. However, one time, the site did not come back up. The staff who had remained active was informed that the site would not coming back up, because it had been hacked and the ISP forced Taaveti – the webmaster – to pull the plug on his server. The other Warhammer forums proclaimed that Ulthuan.org was dead.

A community is much more than its forum; however, and the Ulthuanites moved to the “Lifeboat” site as it was dubbed, which was created by TimmyMWD. There many of the members appeared, including most of the staff. Activity actually far exceeded that of pre-crash levels. Things were going smoothly until about a month and a half of using the temporary forum, when the host of it shut down. Fearing another Ulthuan.org, The Loremasters worked with Ricold – the site owner of the Conclave of the Light Alliance – to establish the home that we have now. Within a week or two it will be moved off of his server and on to our very own home. The database itself will be transferred, so you do not have to re-signup or repost anything. The future of the Asur looks very bright.

May Asuryan guide you,

The Loremasters of Asur.org



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Introduction

Welcome to Kharith's Wraith. This Supplement written for the Ulthuan Citizen Levy and has been designed to allow Warhammer players to fight the battle between Kharith's Druchii raiding force and the Asur defense of Tor Belanor. Included are five scenarios and a host of special characters that allows you to lead the Druchii on their assault towards Tor Belanor or the Asur to disrupt the Druchii approach.

Once you have completed the campaign make sure you post your result on the message board found at <http://www.asur.org>. Include which side won each scenario so we can establish an overall outcome.

A big thank you to Elias Kalderon who has been a tremendous help with providing information about the Dark Elves and designing the rules for the Dark Elf characters.

I have tried to keep each scenario flexible allowing you to add your own twist to it. Also there is a section listing characters designed for this campaign. Feel free to use these in the scenarios they are listed in. However this doesn't stop you from also including other characters.

So without further a due, Let Kharith's Wrath be unleashed upon the city of Tor Belanor.

Until next time,

NZBFBM



Nagarythe

Nagarythe was once one of the most prosperous and beautiful of the kingdoms of the High Elven land of Ulthuan. When the Witch King Malekith and his mother Morathi led the kingdom of Nagarythe astray into worship of the Chaos Gods, not all of their people followed. When Malekith led his people in a rebellion against the rightful Phoenix King, those who had not been converted to depravity remained loyal to the throne of Ulthuan and waged a secret war, a war of shadows, against the Witch King and his armies. When the Witch King was defeated and forced to flee with his followers, most of these 'shadow warriors' were killed, drowned by the sea as their land was torn asunder by the Witch King's foul magics.

The people of Nagarythe that survived became a nation of wanderers, moving from place to place and never really welcomed by other High Elves, for these Shadow Elves as they became known had gained a reputation for being a fierce and warlike people, full of cruelty. This reputation, while probably only partially true, sets the Shadow Elves apart from other members of their race. This, along with their grim attitude and generally dark presence, makes other High Elves feel ill at ease around them. In Ulthuan they are misfits and outcasts, and many of these proud people seek their fortunes outside Ulthuan entirely. They truly are a race 'in the shadows' between the cruel darkness of the Dark Elves, and the beautiful light of the other High Elves.

Some of the Elves of Nagarythe have been driven mad by this condition, but most have accepted their existence, and are



driven on by a desire for revenge against the arch nemesis the Witch King and his perverse mother. The Shadow Elves form themselves into warbands and travel the lands of Ulthuan and the Known World, sometimes fighting Dark Elves (and other forces of Chaos) when they find them, and fighting just to survive the remainder of the time. Some still work in the service of the Phoenix king, acting as scouts and trackers for his armies. Sometimes small units of these warriors will be sent by their king to distant lands on a special mission for Ulthuan – recovery of ancient artifacts left behind when the High Elves abandoned the Old World, or sabotage of a rumoured plot of the Dark Elves. When sent on such a mission, these bands bring their military trappings with them – standards and war horns, unit insignia fiercely emblazoned on their shields – for the Shadow Elves take pride in their loyalty to the Phoenix King. Other warbands represent small groups of warriors seeking their fortune... though still loyal to Ulthuan, they may no longer feel welcome in their island home, or perhaps they represent a family pursuing a personal vendetta against a particular Dark Elf leader. Whatever the case, bands of Shadow Warriors may occasionally be seen roving the lands of the Old World to exploring the steamy jungles of Lustria.

The Town of Tor Belanor

Tor Belanor lies in one of the valleys of the Anullii. Once, this city was famous for its magic drink, the Anrin, but now is in ruins and largely forsaken.

An air of dissipation can be felt upon entering the city. Due to the lack of maintenance it is decaying. Holes have been torn into the houses by the waning magic winds, their fabrics disappearing. Its streets are milky and dissolved; walking upon them feels like partly stepping into the Void. Among these, labourers toil to extract the last of the Anrin.

Most people that live here are old and retired. They have long seen their glory days and have drawn back here for some peace and quiet. No important access-routes run through the city, making it an attractive place for this kind of people. Because of this, the city has also been passed over by Druchii raids ever since the Sundering. Furthermore, it is cut off from all further Ulthuan, the roads that once led here overgrown and disturbed by powers of the Warp.

Located slightly off the middle of the city is the Tower of Belanor. It stands out from the other houses because it is a bit taller. Its stone-texture is weathered and obscures some of its former glory. In this tower resides the Warden.

His name is Aerendir Súrion. Often, he stands by the narrow window, gazing out over the town and remincing on old times. In the golden days, he was the leader of a Shadow Warrior squad. Always when he comes to think of this the pain from a Druchii wound reminds him that they are long gone. He took a stab from an assassin in his right arm. Not only did this wound take away his glory days, but also a piece of his memory. He no longer remembers the time with his Shadow Warriors, only what circled around it. This fact makes him depressed and he is thinking about the nobles he met aside from the Shadow Warriors. Aerendir is a rather melancholical person, his ethereal-blue robe fluttering lightly as he stalks

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the halls of the Tower. Intricate patterns in soft colours adorn it here and there, a symbol for other dimensions.

Whoever comes to Tor Belanor is being well met and friendly perceived by the Warden. The resources of this town are, however, restrained so one should not expect an abundant welcome.

The House Antarion

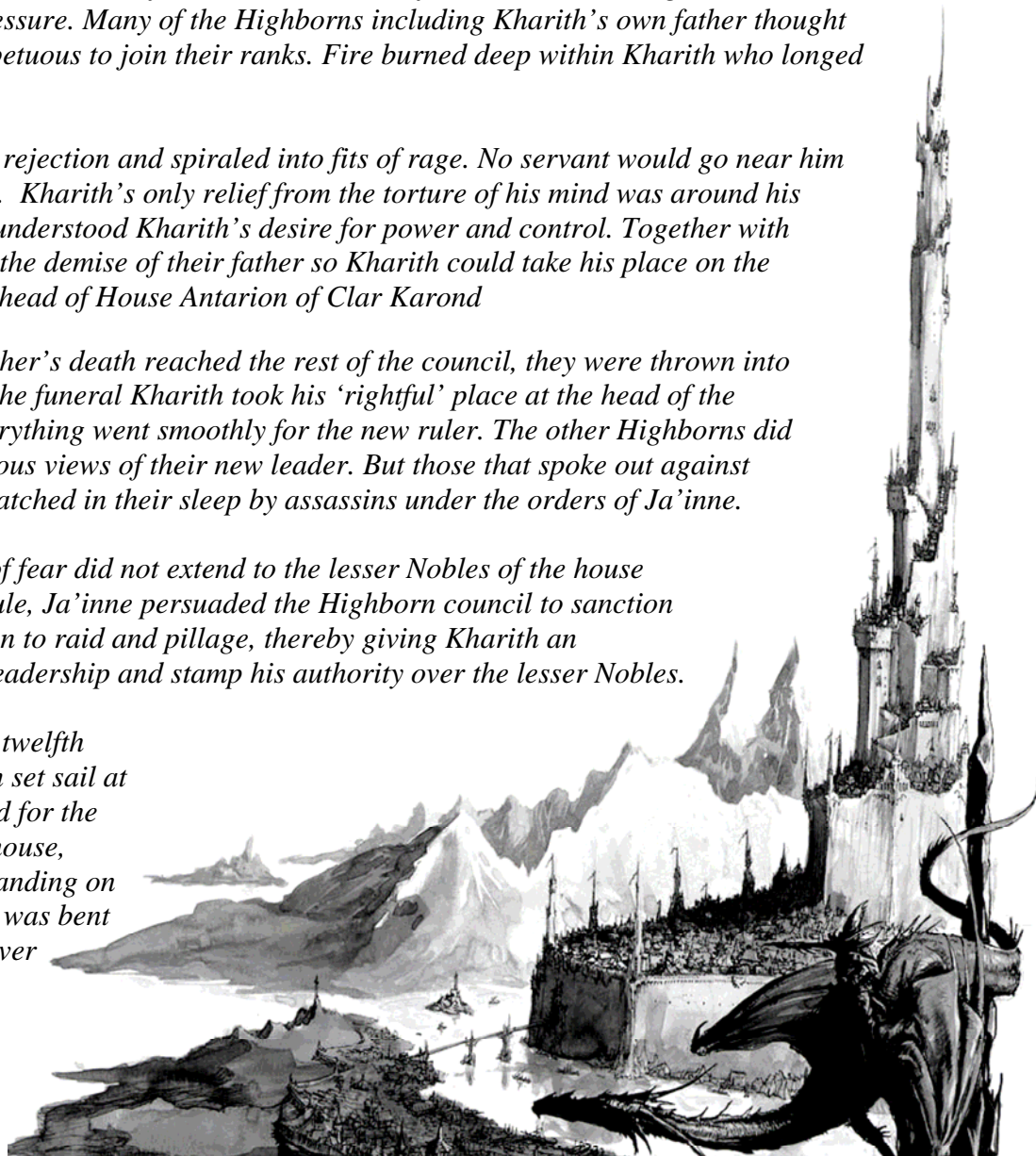
Highborn Kharith rose to the leader of the house Antarion of Clar Karond through back stabbing and political pressure. Many of the Highborns including Kharith's own father thought Kharith too young an impetuous to join their ranks. Fire burned deep within Kharith who longed for power and respect.

Kharith couldn't take the rejection and spiraled into fits of rage. No servant would go near him in fear of feeling his rage. Kharith's only relief from the torture of his mind was around his older sister Ja'inne. She understood Kharith's desire for power and control. Together with Ja'inne they both plotted the demise of their father so Kharith could take his place on the Highborn council, as the head of House Antarion of Clar Karond

When news of Kharith father's death reached the rest of the council, they were thrown into disarray. Within days of the funeral Kharith took his 'rightful' place at the head of the council. However not everything went smoothly for the new ruler. The other Highborns did not agree with the ambitious views of their new leader. But those that spoke out against Kharith were swiftly dispatched in their sleep by assassins under the orders of Ja'inne.

However Kharith's rule of fear did not extend to the lesser Nobles of the house Antation. To secure his rule, Ja'inne persuaded the Highborn council to sanction an expedition into Ulthuan to raid and pillage, thereby giving Kharith an opportunity to show his leadership and stamp his authority over the lesser Nobles.

So on the sixth day of the twelfth moon of the year, Kharith set sail at the head of his fleet bound for the ancient homeland of his house, Nagarythe. Beside him standing on the bow was Ja'inne who was bent on securing her control over Kharith.



Characters

This sections details the special rules for using the characters written into the story line. The characters have been designed to be as balanced as possible, but these characters are not official.

High Elf Heroes:

Prince Aerandir Súrion of Tor Belanor

Points: 210

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gildor	5	7	6	4	3	3	8	4	10

Equipment: Long Bow, Shield

Magic Weapon:

The Warden's Crown

This crown is presented to the Warden of the city in a ceremony with his is appointed. A large blue sapphire sits in a silver star upon a simple band. It is said the crown protects its wearer from harm as long as it sits on his head.

This item provides the wearer with a 5+ ward save. In addition all close combat attacks are at -1 to hit the bearer.

Loec's Guard

Loec's Guard is a fine set of armor that ways next to nothing. But is able to protect its wearer from the most deadly of blows.

This armor provides a 4+ armor save to Aerandir

Sword of the Shadows

This is the sword Aerandir wielded when he lead his shadow warriors before he became warden. The sword glows a dull blue and is said to take on the form of shadows as it passes straight through the armor of foes before taking solid form to cut deep into flesh.

This sword provided the bearer with a +1 on all rolls to wound and also -1 to the enemies armor save.

Special Rules:

Warden of Tor Belanor – Prince Aerandir will always be the general of your army. There is no need to roll on the intrigue at court.

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Gildor Nénharma Shadow Master of Nagarythe

Points 50

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gildor	5	4	5	3	3	2	5	1	9

Gildor Nénharma is a young and noble elf who is undertaking his first mission in command of a band of Shadow Warriors. He leads the Shadow Warriors in the Ambush of Telemnar Trail. Gildor Nénharma can also be used (if he survives) in the final battle to replace the champion of a Shadow Warrior unit.

Equipment:

Hand Weapon, Light Armor, Longbow

Magic Items:

The Quiver of Loec

This magic quiver was gifted to Gildor when he left to lead his Shadow Warriors in his first mission in command. All the arrows have black shafts and flies straight and true able to pick out the weakness join in someone armor.

Gildor may fire his magic arrows in the shooting phase instead of making his normal shot. The arrows are S4 with a -2 armor save modifier (like a bolt thrower).

Master Mage Erestor Melwasúl

Points: 220

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Erestor	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8

Erestor Melwasúl is one of the many councillors to the Warden. He has lived in the city since the previous Warden and loves it deeply

Equipment:

Hand Weapon, Power Stone (x1), Sigil of Asuryan (x1), Extra Magic Level (total magic level is 2)

Magic Weapon:

The Book of Morai-heg

This book contains the power of the underworld. It grants the bearer the power to control the winds of magic. Erestor Melwasúl was given the book when he became Master Mage of Tor Belanor

This book allows the bearer to cast 1 randomly selected spell from the Death of Shadows lore per turn at power level 3. Roll each turn for the spell. After each use roll a D6, on a roll on 1 the book's power is spent and can no longer be used for the battle.

Dark Elf Heroes:

Highborn Kharith, ruler of House Antarion of Clar Karond Points: 252

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kharith	5	7	6	4	3	3	8	4	10

Highborn Kharith, ruler of House Antarion of Clar Karond. Young, impetuous, ambitious, and even among fellow Dark Elves regarded as a wicked being. Kharith counts as a single Lord choice.

Kharith learnt from the best warriors how to fight, but even these warriors were unable to curve his impetuous and wicked behaviour.

Special rules: subject to frenzy

Equipment:

Heavy Armor, Sea Dragon Cloak, Shield, Kharith also rides a Cold One

Magic Weapon:

House Antarion Ancestral Blade

This sword has been the symbol of office for the House Antarion since it was formed. Kharith used this sword

This sword provides +1 Strength

The Boon of Ja'inne

This magic gem was gifted to Kharith by Ja'inne to ward off magic and protect him against harm.

This Item provides a 5+ ward save, and makes the character immune to Light Magic and High Magic

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Sorceress Ja'inne, High Sorceress of House Antarion

Points: 215

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ja'inne	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	10

Ja'inne is the daughter of the former ruler of House Antarion and the Sister of the Current ruler. She is a powerful mage and influential in the Highborn Council with her Assassians.

Equipment:

Hand Weapon, Extra magic level (total magic level is 2)

Magic Weapon:

Darkstar Cloak of Protection

On her shoulders, Ja'inne wears a cape which is inscribed with magical glowing runes.

Ja'inne cape gives her an extra Power Dice each turn that only she may use. It also provides a 5+ ward save.



Black Staff

Ja'inne carries a staff of pure black obsidian which pulses with a purple energy of the Dark Elves.

The Staff allows Ja'inne cast with no maximum limit of Power Dice.

Uran Venomblade

Points: 169

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kharith	6	9	9	4	3	2	10	3	10

Uran Venomblade is the head Assassin of House Antarion. He reports only to Ja'inne.

Equipment:

Additional hand weapon

Skills:

Dark Venom (poisoned attacks)

Dance of Doom (5+ ward save)



Scenario: First Landing

Over View:

Along the Northern Coast of Ulthuan is a ring of Watch Towers, always vigilant and watching for incoming raids from the Dark Elves. The Dark Elves have sent a small force to silence the tower before the beacon can be lit, warning of their coming.

Story:

The oars dipped into the sea as the two boats glided through the surf towards the towering cliffs the marked the coast of Ulthuan. Uran Venomblade pulled his cape tight around as the spray kicked up into his face. The boats were only 100 yards off the coast now and Uran could just make out the glow of the fires in the watch tower marking out the very edge of the cliff.

As soon as the he felt the sandy bottom of the cove scratching along the bottom of the boat, Uran sprang over the edge and started moving silently to the cliff. The shades behind him would hide the boats and follow closely behind. He quickly scaled the vertical cliff face as easily as a mountain goat. Once at the top he disposed of his dark black cape, revealing the white and blue robes. Standing upright he moved towards the tower with his daggers hidden in the many folds of his clothes.

The sentry stood up from the cold stone steps and walked out towards to cliff to stretch his legs. It has been a long watch, but the sun which would rise in a few hours would mark the end of his watch. As he strolled through the dew covered grass he saw one of the other sentry's was out here as well. He veered his path towards the other Elf.

Uran saw the sentry coming towards him and drew his dagger from the fold it was hidden in. The sentry stopped, seeing the dagger confusion swept over his face. He tried to call out but Uran was too quick. In a flash of an eye the dagger flashed across the sentry's chest. The limp body dropped with a thud into the wet grass. Uran wiped his blade on the body and then moved on towards the watch tower.

Forces:

High Elf Defenders:

100pts of any troops (no warmachines, heroes etc) including any number of Champions

Dark Elf Attackers:

200pts of any troops, 50% must be core troops, Up to 1 hero and 1 champion may be included

The Dark Elf force may include Uran Venomblade in their force for this battle

Battlefield:

The battle takes place on one of the beaches which sit in the many bays around the coast. The watch tower it built upon a hill allowing its signal fire to be seen along the chain of towers.

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The board should measure about 24" x 24", set a hill in the approximate center. The watchtower is set upon the center of the hill. Additional trees, walls and hedges are scattered about the table but none within 12" of the tower. A beach line the northern table edge and are impassable. The

Objectives:

Defenders

Although not a heavily fortified position, the watchtower is there to keep an eye out for incoming Dark Elf raiding ships. The watchtower is not designed to hold off an opposing army. It is, however, intended to give the rest of the realm a warning signal. This warning signal comes in the form of a beacon fire lit atop the tower. The High Elf Defender must last 6 turns, as that is how long it will take for the beacon to burn hot enough to produce a clear signal. At the end of the 6th and final turn, if there is a single active Defender (knocked down doesn't count) at the top of the tower then the Defender wins.

Attackers

The Dark Elf Attackers must break into the watchtower and silence the guardians before any signal can go up! At the end of the 6th and final turn, the Attacker must be in sole possession of the tower top to claim victory.

Deployment:

The early morning attack comes as a surprise and catches the Defender off guard! A lone watchman stands atop the tower. One model may be placed anywhere within 3" of the tower. The remaining Defenders are rushing back towards their watchtower and must be placed at least 6" from the tower on the southern side.

The Attackers set up along the northern table edge.

Who Goes First?

It's a surprise attack, so the Attacking forces go first.

Special Rules:

This scenario uses the special rules detailed below:

Skirmish

This Scenario uses the Skirmish rules found of Games Workshops website

Tower Door

The tower was more intended to survey the land and sound the alert on enemy attacks than to stop them. The door is locked and barred, but may be attacked (in hand-to-hand only) and has a Toughness value of 4 and 1 Wound. Note - the door may only be attacked by one combatant who is not already engaged with a foe.

Attacking Inside the Tower

When the door is destroyed, the Attacker is considered to be 8" down from the top of the tower. Any attacker at the broken door can announce a charge in any subsequent turn. The watchman at



the top of the tower is aware of the door being destroyed and will move to defend the doorway into the top. Attackers can stand one abreast on the stairs and attack any Defenders on the stairs or at the top of the watchtower. The watchman at the top gets the defended obstacle bonus.

Stalwart Defender

Defenders are immune to Rout Tests.

Effect of the Outcome:

If the Defenders win they have managed to alert their army of the opposing force. The Attackers must set up for the large battle first, and the Defenders get the first turn.

If the Attackers win they catch enemy army unawares. The Attackers set up second, but get the first turn.



Scenario: Ambush at Telemnar Trail

Over View:

The Shadow warriors have banded together to attack the rare of the Dark Elves supply train hoping to cut off valuable supplies.

Story:

Gildor Nénharma pulled himself along the dusty ground to the edge of the cliff and gassed down. Below him was sprawled the Telemnar Trail. His people had used it for centuries to quickly move between the coast and Tor Belanor. Weaving through the blackened trees of the valleys, the trail was a hidden sanctuary from the prying eyes of the Druchii. But not any more, now the trail was being used by the foul scum of the Druchii to move their supplies towards Tor Belanor. Gildor pulled himself back from the edge and dropped down into the hollow where his fellow shadow warriors sat.

“Their numbers are great. We will not be able to take on all their forces.” There was a nod of agreement amongst the Warriors in the hollow. “Let us dispatch a messenger back to Tor Belanor, they must know of the Druchii’s progress” Gildor commanded. “In the mean time we will wait until the supply train comes past at the end of their forces then attack. It will be their weakest point and our opportunity to inflict maximum damage against their army.” The Shadow Warriors picked themselves up from the hollow and quickly melted into the surrounding black forest, slowly picking their way down to the trail.

The had been marching for hours now all Elaran could see of the force in front of them was the dust they kicked up off the trail. He grumbled as he walked alongside the cold one, keeping it in check every now and again as it pulled one of the large carts piled high with supplies for the

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army. This wasn't what he signed up for. He was here to kill some Asur scum and bring honour to his house. Instead they had him guarding the supplies. From what? Who would attack their force? Elaran longed to be up the front, where the real slaughtering was going to be when they finally attack what ever poor town they were heading to.

Gildor moved slowly through the trees as fluently as water flows through the rocks on a rivers bed. He could see the supply carts moving along the trail. Peering across to the other side of the trail where he could just pick out his fellow warriors in position amongst the shadows of the deformed trunks of the trees. He drew his bow, pulling the string back to his ear. Taking aim at the nearest warrior, He let fly his arrow. The guard dropped to the ground clutching at the arrow protruding from his neck. Gildor watched him spasm a few times before the body lay still. By this time the sky was already full will arrows raining down on the supply train. Gildor took aim again and looked for his next target.

Forces:

Dark Elf Forces:

3 Large Carts or other scratch built wagons, plus up to 125 points of caravan guards (no War Machines, Heroes or Champions). Only half of the force's total number of models may be mounted.

Attackers Forces:

Up to 150 points of models, including up to one War Machine or Hero (with equipment or Magic Items totalling up to 25 points).

The High Elf force may include Gildor Nénharma in their list.

Battle Field:

The Telemnar Trail winds its way through the mountains 100 leagues West of Anlec. The land is



harsh and hospitable after its many years of being tainted by the Dark Elves and Power of Chaos. Most of the forests that once covered the mountains have been killed off by magic leaving only twisted and gnawed trunks. The grass has long since dies exposing the bare, lifeless rock of the mountains.

Set up the terrain so a road runs through the middle of the board. Leave a 6" open are between the road and any other piece of terrain. Place forests, rocks and hill over the remaining board.

The battlefield should be set up on a board 24" x 36". A road approximately 4" wide should be placed in the middle of the board running the length of the table. The rest of the battlefield should have a few tree stands, rocky

outcroppings, and hills are scattered about. Some of the hills have rocky/impassable sides that will slow or outright impede movement.

Objectives:

The Dark Elves (Defenders), who have the Supply Train, must deliver it no matter what the cost! They must make it off the far side of the board with as many carts as possible.

The High Elves (Attackers) want to stop the Baggage Train and cut the valuable supplies.

All carts exit the table:	Defender Solid Victory
Two carts exit the table:	Defender Minor Victory
One cart exits the table:	Attacker Minor Victory
No carts exit the table:	Attacker Solid Victory

The game lasts until one side Routs or the entire Supply Train makes it off the table.

Deployment:

The Dark Elves deploy first. The Dark Elves start on one end of the road. The Baggage train must start on the absolute edge of the road, and all other models must be within 6" of the road.

After the Dark Elves have set up, the High Elves deploy. The High Elves may set up anywhere on the table, but not within 6" of any Dark Elf model (including the Supply Train), unless the High Elf model is behind an impassable obstacle.

Who Goes First?

The Attackers go first, but they may not charge during the first turn. This represents the hidden Attackers springing out of concealment and ambushing the Supply Train.

Special Rules:

This scenario uses the special rules detailed below:

Skirmish

This Scenario uses the Skirmish rules found of Games Workshops website

Rout Tests

The Defenders are fully aware of the vast importance of their mission. They have resolved themselves to a do-or-die situation. Therefore, they do not suffer from All Alone, and will not take a Rout Test until they have sustained 50% casualties. The Attackers will take Rout Tests as normal at 25%.

Moving the Supply Train

The Supply Train can move up to 6" per turn on the road. They cannot run or march. Off-road the Supply Train moves at half rate (up to 3" per turn).

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Shooting at the Supply Train

Roll to hit, then, for each hit, roll a D6: 1-4 hits the cart, 5-6 hits the beast. The beast has the following statistics: Weapon Skill 2, Toughness 3 with 1 Wound and no armour save. Even though this is skirmish, do not use the Injury chart for the beast. It is removed from battle as soon as it's wounded.

Supply Train in Hand-to-Hand

In combat, treat baggage trains as two separate targets. The cart itself or the beast that pulls it. Any model in contact with both cart and beast may decide which to attack. The carts are automatically hit and have a Toughness 5 with 3 Wounds. The cart has no offensive capabilities and causes NO impact hits.

The Supply Train is not pinned by hand-to-hand and may move out of combat. This represents the panicking beast surging forward!

Moving the Supply Train Without Beasts

If the beast is killed, the Defenders may use models on foot to move the cart. At least three models are needed to attain half the normal speed for the models carrying it, with no marching.

Two models may lug the cart half speed -1". One model may not move a cart at all. He's just not strong enough.



Effect of the Outcome:

Attackers win- The supplies in the caravan didn't get to the battle quickly enough, and some of the Defender's troops are too weak to fight. The Defender's army loses 100 points of troops from his army list per missing cart!

Defenders win- The supplies in the caravan get through and this results in an extra 100 points of troops that may be used in the battle as the player wishes!



Scenario: Sending for Help

Over View:

With the Dark Elf Army pushing relentlessly on, the Elves of Tor Belanor are growing desperate. They organise a small band of soldiers to attempt to break through the lines of the Dark Elves and send word to the city of Anlec for help.

Story:

Prince Aerandir Súrion stood hunched over the map spread out on his table of the land surrounding the city. Things were not going well. No matter what tactics he employed, the Druchii still kept on advancing. "My Lord" one of the Commanders spoke up. "We are running out of time. We must send word to Anlec for help."

"But if we send troops, our forces will be too low to stand against the Druchii" Master Mage Erestor Melwasúl interrupted. Aerandir closed his eyes and tried to block out the bickering around him. By Isha, what should he do? The fate of the city and all those who lived in it rested in his decision here and now.

The answer came to him. He must give the people hope. "We send out riders at dawn." Instantly the bickering between the commanders stopped as everyone looked at the old Warden. "At dawn we send as many warriors as we can spare. No one will be made to go against his will."

"But my Lord!" One commander interjected. Aerandir cut him off.

"You yourself do not have to go if you do not wish Commander, but I'm asking for anyone who is willing to attempt to break through the Druchii lines at their weakest point here." Aerandir stabbed the map with his finger.

A few hours before dawn, Aerandir stood high above the preparing warriors in his tower. His heavy clack wrapped tight around his old shoulders to protect him from the icy wind. Below him were sprawled a large number of warriors all ready to risk their lives to save those of their families. Tearful farewells were exchanges between husbands and wives and the troops began filing out of the city's gate towards an uncertain fate. "My Isha watch over you my brothers" Aerandir whispered as he turned back inside his tower. "Make haste, our fate could be in your success or failure."

Scenario Page:

This scenario can be found on page 201 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Forces:

Both Armies are chosen using the Warhammer army lists to an agreed points value. For this Scenario 1000pts is recommended

Battle Field:

Set up the terrain in an agreeable manner. Walls and obstacles should be placed to increase the amount of terrain on the board.

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Objectives:

The Dark Elves must hold their lines and keep the High Elves from getting into their deployment zone.

The High Elves must attempt to finish the game with as many units as possible in the Dark Elves deployment zone. At the end of the battle it is assumed these units break through the lines and send for help.

At the end of the battle calculate the victory points for each High Elf unit in the Dark Elf deployment zone (do not count fleeing units, characters or monsters). The High Elves win if they score enough victory points equal or greater than a third of their starting army (i.e. for 1000pt battles 333pts)

Deployment:

Use the standard roll off to see who started deploying first.

Who Goes First?

Role off to decide. The player who finished deployment first may add +1 to his dice roll.

Special Rules:

There are no special rules for this scenario.

Effect of the Outcome:

When playing this scenario before a full Warhammer game, you can modify the points and make-up of the armies based on the outcome! For example:

Attackers win- Word has reached Anlec of the forth coming attack. Anlec has sent a force to help. During the final battle you have the choice of selecting a flanking force to attack the dark elves.

Defenders win- The High Elves have been successfully cut off from help. You can now safely advance on the town of Tor Belanor without worrying about your flanks are rare.



Scenario: Storm the Defences

Over View:

The Shades report the High Elves are building defensive barricades around the town of Tor Belanor. Acting quickly Aerandir Súríon has decided to dispatch a small force to destroy the barricades under the cover of darkness before the final attack in the morning.

Story:

The messenger stooped as he entered the tent. Inside Kharith sat a large wooden table eating a banquet of fresh meat and fruit. In the shadows Ja'inne stood watching her younger brother devour the food. The messenger quickly approached, bowed low and handed a rolled up scroll to Kharith who snatched it away in anger. "Well what else do you want?" Kharith snapped at the messenger. Quickly bowing the messenger hurried out of the tent, not wishing to incur his master's wrath. He knew the army's progress they were making must not be to his maters likely.

Back inside of the tent Kharith was reading the scroll. Leaping to his feet he slammed his gauntlet down hard on the table sending food and plates flying. His roar could be heard around the camp. "What is it my brother?" Ja'inne cooed trying to calm e brother down.

"Those Asur scum have started constructing defences to disrupt our attack. We must launch of assault now and take them all by surprise!" Ja'inne wrapped he arm around her brother and helped him back into his seat.

"No my brother, we must be smarted than that. Let us launch a raiding party to disrupt the earthworks. There is no sense in launching our attack until we are ready. Your troops are tiered from the long march. Let us wait until the morning before launching our attack."

Ja'inne rose and walked out of the tent. Walking through the rows of smaller tents which housed the army she was joined by Uran Venomblade. "Thinks are starting to look shaky, you must ensure my brothers victory tomorrow. By sunset tomorrow I want you to bring the head of the Warden, Aerandir to me.

"Yes my lady." Uran replied before slipping back into the shadows.



Forces:

Dark Elf Force (Attacking):

125 points of mounted troops may be chosen. Alternatively, you can choose models with the Scout or Skirmish ability. You may also include up to one Hero or one Champion.

High Elf Forces (defending):

150 points of Core infantry may be chosen. No Heroes but one Champion may be chosen.

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Battle Field:

The raid takes place just on the outskirts of the town. The Dark Elves move out from the cover of the forest to attack.

The battlefield should be about 36" x 36", scatter trees and low hills about the table. The Defenders can place up to two finished 6" sections of earthworks (representing sharpened stakes, barricades and even pit traps). The Defenders will set up the earthworks during deployment.

Objectives:

The Dark Elves need to stop the building of the earthworks by driving off or slaying the workers. The Dark Elves can claim victory only if all the opposition are slain or are driven off by routing before the 8th turn.

The Defenders have a two-fold Objective. First they need to complete at least 10" of defensive barricades, and secondly they need to hold off the Attackers for 8 turns. Defenders claim victory if they still have models on the table at the end of the game, and there are at least 10" of new barricades (don't count the starting barricades). The game will end in a draw if the Defender survives but could not complete the full 10" of new obstacles.

The game lasts 8 full turns.

Deployment:

The Attackers enter the board on the southern table edge.

Before placing troops the Defender places their two 6" sections of earthworks. Half of the Defenders may start anywhere on the northern table half, while the rest must enter from the northern board edge.

Who Goes First?

The Attackers get the first turn.

Special Rules:

This scenario uses the special rules detailed below:

Skirmish

This Scenario uses the Skirmish rules found of Games Workshops website

Night Attack

Shooting range is down to half distance.

Barricades

The hastily constructed stakes, walls and over-turned carts will count as a Defended Obstacle for any troops that take up position behind them. In addition, any calvary attempting to attack across

the barricades must take one test to avoid being impaled on the stakes. On a 4+ the model will take a Strength 4 hit (but don't count Criticals). This happens before combat can take place and will happen when the cavalry charges a model behind a Defended Obstacle or even when a cavalry model attempts to cross the barricades. A cavalry model who survives the test, and the following round of combat does NOT have to take another test unless they later try to cross the obstacle or win the combat and charge another defended model.

Building Barricades

It takes teams of three one turn to make a 2" line of effective barricade. The teams must be in base-to-base contact. Teams of two may just about cope - but will only complete 1" a turn. Troops building barricades may not move more than 2" or shoot while constructing. No construction can take place if any of the builders are in hand-to-hand.

The new barricades must be built at least 6" away from the northern table *edge*..

Effect of the Outcome:

Dark Elves win- The Attackers have managed to sweep away the earthworks. The High Elves will have no barricades defending the town and the Dark Elves receive +1 for rolling for the first turn.

High Elves win- The High Elves are able to keep the barricades they completed for the final battle.



Scenario: The Assault on Tor Belanor



Over View:

The Dawn is breaking and the Armies move into position for the Dark Elves assault on Tor Belanor.

Story:

The first rays of dawn penetrated the early morning cloud and sparked off the early morning dew on the fields surrounding Tor Belanor. The guards around the city were pleased, with the sun casting away all the activates of last night. Suddenly a shout when up around the city. On the distance ridge, a black line formed facing the city. The guards peered out through the haze and could just make out hundreds of warriors all armed in black.

A might horn blasted throughout the city, very soon everything was alive within the city. Warriors raced to grab their weapons and face what they were sure was their final stand. High up in his tower, Prince Aerandir Súrion walked down the many steeps to the street below. He had been up all night praying and preparing his battle ritual for what was about to come. He was ready to face whatever the Druchii could throw at him. However in his heart he knew this could be the end of the town. There had been no word for the riders that had attempted to break through the enemy's lines.

Highborn Kharith sat high upon his Cold One surveying the town. Already he could see the Asur forming up into their units to face him. He chuckled to himself. Did they really think they could stand up this his might? Beside him Ja'inne stood leaning on her staff. She could sense the winds of magic flowing around her. But there was something strange, the winds were all blowing towards the town. Gazing out into the Asur lines she could make out a cloaked figure standing next to Prince Aerandir chanting out of a book. This was not going to be as easy as she thought.

Kharith was sick of waiting he raised his sword high above his head and swing it around in a wide circle. The Druchii battle line began moving forwards. Opposite him, he saw Prince Aerandir also give his own signals. The battle was about to commence...

Scenario:

This scenario is based on the Pitched battle found on page 199 of the Warhammer rulebook. However any rules stated here override the rule in the rulebook.

Forces:

Both Armies are chosen using the Warhammer army lists to an agreed points value. For this Scenario 2000pts is recommended

The Dark Elves may include:

Highborn Kharith

Sorceress Ja'inne

Uran Venomblade (assuming he survived the first battle)

The High Elves may include:

Prince Aerandir Súrion

Gildor Nénharma (assuming he survived the second battle)

Master Mage Erestor Melwasúl

Battle Field:

The Assault on Tor Belanor takes place on the field outside of the town. The Dark Elves advanced over the hills and through the woods on the outside of the field to face the High Elf defence.

On the High Elf deployment side should be placed several building to represent the edge of the town. Also up to 4 barricades can be placed depending on the outcome of the 'storm the barricades' scenario (see special rules)

Objectives:

The Dark Elves must slay the defenders so they are able to pillage the town.

The High Elves must defend their town at all costs.

Deployment:

Use the standard roll off to see who started deploying first.

Who Goes First?

Role off to decide. The player who finished deployment first may add +1 to his dice roll.

Special Rules:

The previous skirmishes have all had an affect on this battle.

The Town provides the key feature which both sides are battling to control. Therefore the standard table quarter bonus victory points do not apply. Instead the two quarters containing the High Elf deployment zone are worth 200pts each for who ever controls them.

Effect of the Outcome:

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This is what the whole campaign has been building towards. Winner takes all.

Voice of the Phoenix

Part One

Written by Calarion Sapherion

The elf sat himself in the sturdy chair with a grunt. He was not old, not by the prodigious standards of his kindred, but measured in events rather than years he surpassed nearly all of them. One calloused, long-fingered hand reached for the quill pen which rested to one side, while the other took a piece of delicate white parchment and unfurled it with a crackling noise before him. Grey-blue eyes rested on it for a second, approved of it, and then shifted to where the pen was now being delicately dipped into a small pot of ink. Moving the quill swiftly, he brought it over to the paper and began to write. The pen made a light scratching noise as it moved across the desk and the page.

Although we have fought for many years, the pen wrote, the darkness cannot be held back by the strength of our arms alone. Only four hundred years ago we flung it back, called it destroyed forever, and already it musters again in the north. The darkest storm hangs on the horizon, and who can tell when it will break? The storm of Chaos is upon us, and the black clouds shall blot out Asuryan's light ere they are extinguished. And if – when – the light comes again, what shall be left to greet its return?

The author stopped, raising the pen from his delicate calligraphy, and thought for a moment. Then again, scratch-scratch-scratch, the words flowed again.

I intend these words to serve as a memorial to this turbulent time. Even if we should fall this day, my words shall live forever and we shall live forever in them. My last tale was a story of the Asur alone, but this is a testament to the courage of all people who stood true against the darkness. Let none forget when all the peoples of this world united in arms, laid aside their petty quarrels, and turned to face the north as brothers.

And with this brief preface completed, hesitation fled, and the elf remained, writing by the flickering light of a single glowing lantern, long into the night and the early hours of the morning...

Asuryan's rays burnt in beams of golden fire down through the sky, turning the choppy waters into a kaleidoscope of light. The strong tailwind propelling the ship made the waves break into incandescent foam that whipped over the deck of the elven vessel. They landed lightly on the deck and those working on it, moving swiftly and efficiently, securing ropes and tightening sail. They were used to this beauty.

But their passenger was not, and as he leant over the rail at the edge of the ship and gazed into the water the vibrant beauty he saw there amazed him. The waters illuminated by the setting sun was one of the few things that had managed to distract him from his grim thoughts, but now those whispers of doom were left behind in this simple paragon of perfection, leaving his mind free and relaxed for the first time in weeks.

"Prince Howell?"

The elf shook himself, and long golden hair plastered into strands by the spray lashed against his face. But the voice calling his name had restored him to the present time and place.

"Yes?" the Caledorian asked without turning of the mariner who stood behind him.

"Captain Talitharan wishes you to know that we shall be reaching Lothorn imminently."

Howell nodded.

"Thank you for telling me," he said, and the mariner left him to return to his own business. Alone again, Howell attempted to return to the placid serenity his mind had reached before in its contemplation of the water, but with little success, for now the thoughts of his mission dwelt again foremost in his thoughts.

It had been over a month ago when he had emerged from his small but comfortable home in Tor Ytheran, to find a most unexpected visitor waiting calmly outside for him. Him, a noble of no great lineage or distinction! But that one had come – the High Loremaster himself, Teclis, waiting patiently in the street for him to emerge. Why such an august personage should be there for one such as him he did not know, and Teclis had never bothered to explain it, but Howell became part of the embassy traveling to the Old World, to attend the founding of the Conclave of Light. And then Teclis had disappeared, and Howell took ship back to the lands of the elves. And soon,

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his journey would be over and he would return to his old life.

Except Howell knew it was never going to be so easy. A cry went up from one of the sailors, and Howell's head jerked upright in time to see the silhouette of Lothorn's towers and citadels appear, and the innumerable ships moving through the central lagoon. The sight cheered him – it was good to be home again. And then the sun's fading rays sunk further, and the water became dark – and Howell shivered, though not from cold.

The little craft sped forward, magical winds in its sails, and the massive bulk of Lothorn's second gate loomed overhead. It seemed more ominous now, and for a second as they traveled under it the light vanished completely as they were caught in its shadow. Then they were out and past it, and elven villas were on either side of them, first sparsely scattered but becoming thicker and higher. Other ships, from Tilean merchantmen to Imperial galleons, and small Elven pleasure craft, skittered around the sides of Howell's ship as it glided on, the wind fading now and letting the sail hang limply from the mast.

Howell could see the dock ahead. It was lit only by a few magelight lanterns and empty save for shadows. No one had come to greet him, but he had not expected anyone to appear.

After a month of traveling, Howell's ship anchored in a small dock in Lothorn in the evening, and the Prince set foot upon Ulthuan again. Behind him, his few retainers carried the small chest of his belongings that he had taken with him. Howell's tastes were simple, extremely so for a Caledorian, and he had traveled light. He paused briefly to bid farewell to Captain Talitharan, and then set off into the streets of Lothorn. He would need to find accommodation for this night, and in the morning take a horse home to Caledor.

His shadow weirdly distorted by the lights, Howell tiredly walked deeper into Lothorn. The streets were far cleaner and emptier than those he remembered in Altdorf, which had been filled with refuse of both the animate and inanimate forms, and the peaceful streets of the most civilized city in the world were a welcome relief after that. A light shone from a door, and a swaying sign, illuminated by the pale light, announced it in both Eltharion and Common to be the WAYWARD LORD, offering both FOOD and ROOMS. Too tired even to draw some comparison between himself and the name of the inn, Howell flung open the door and staggered in, and his two servants followed him. Golden light lit up the street from the open door, and then the door shut behind the two elves holding the chest, returning the street to its original dim light.

By the time Asuryan's light had returned to Lothorn, replacing the faded glow of magelight lanterns, a trail of dust was settling on the road to the west, into the mountains of Caledor, the last legacy of Prince Howell's visit to Lothorn. The Caledorian had risen early, despite his body's insistence in remaining longer in the comfortable bed he had rented, and left his two servants to come at their own pace as they took the well-deserved sleep he too was owed. And now he was crouched down over a dun-coloured Ellyrian steed, feeling the strong wind around him as the horse cantered along the road, the land rough and rocky around him, brown save for the copses of tall pines. The road was deserted at this early time of the day save for him.

The horse slowed to a trot as the road split in twain before it, and Howell knew by his rumbling stomach that breaking his fast was in order. One hand plunged into the deep saddlebags that he had fortunately remembered to bring with him, finding an apple within. He brought it to his lips and took a bite as he cast his gaze around. Back to home? He longed now more than ever to return to the small white manor in Tor Ytheran where he lived, but...well, that was it. He'd been to the conference for whatever reason Teclis had wanted, he'd represented the Asur, and now surely he could go home?

Instead he turned his horse and continued down the other path, towards Elithayar Yliaren-Caledaiyar, the Halls of the World Dragon.

Scriveners Returns to Ulthuan!

From VictorK, the host of the 2004 Scriveners Contest

When I first came to Ulthuan some time ago I didn't play High Elves. In fact, I thought (and still do think, to some degree) that High Elves were nothing but daisy frolicking pansies who belonged in an episode of Rainbow Bright. Why then did I come to this mystical island, and why did I stay? The answer is very simple. I like to write. I'd heard rumors from a friend of mine who was on Ulthuan briefly about the multiple literary endeavors that the elves were engaged in. Granted this was mostly Deeply Disturbed, but it was enough to interest and kindle my writer's ambition.

I came to Ulthuan to tell stories. I have not found an environment on the internet that shares my dual interests of writing and Warhammer as well as Ulthuan has. We have gathered here a group of aspiring writers of magnificent talent, some of whom are quite prolific in their works. We have poets and story tellers from many different languages, and feedback continues to be positive and encouraging. While the site may have its trials and trauma in the Off Topic sections or debate rages about tactics in the more numbers oriented portion of the site a member can always come down to humble storytelling and weave their tale.

In Ulthuan's past a contest was founded to coordinate this effort of storytelling to try and bring out the best in each member towards a common goal. Founded long before I arrived at Ulthuan was the Scrivener's Contest, so named by Si'anelle of Avelorn. It remains the most prestigious contest on Ulthuan for those of the literary persuasion, comparable only to the Painter's Contest that is sometimes held. To me there is no higher distinction that a member can achieve than to be awarded the title of Master Scrivener, something only accomplishable by winning a Scrivener's Contest. There is no test more packed with quality and effort than the contest, and the results are always remarkable. I have competed in three Scrivener's Contests in my time at Ulthuan, sad to say that the most recent was never completed due to the collapse of the old site. I have seen the competition that it breeds and the quality that it fosters. Now I'd like to bring it to the new site, so that the tradition of the Scrivener's Contest might endure in the new era.

I was approached by TimmyMWD (Or Timmy Weapons of Mass Destruction as I like to call him) about this new contest, and I told him I would

be available to judge if he needed me. He agreed, and here we are. I am proud to host the first Scrivener's Contest on the new site, and though I have never won a Contest I hope that my experience in that field and my presence on the site will be enough to render a competent decision. We're shooting for hosting this thing in the summer, with entries due sometime around August 15th. A Scrivener's Contest can be a lengthy process, and I feel that this will be enough time for entries to come in and for me to render a decision before the new school year hits hard. I hope that as many of you can enter as possible, as a diverse contest is always the best. With that said, let's lay some ground rules.

Usually the Scrivener's Contest is limited to entries of the fantasy variety. I'd never really been content with this, and so I'm throwing open the doors. I will accept any entry that is founded in Fantasy or Science Fiction. It does not have to be Warhammer or Warhammer 40k based, though it would probably be in your best interest to do so. Remember, you want me, the Judge, to be considering the merits of your story and the quality of your writing and not wasting my time puzzling through an alien theme. You also don't want to waste the space in your story explaining background information. Don't worry, I'm proficient in fluff from both systems and will probably be able to understand where you're coming from. Keep in mind that while I mention Warhammer and 40k you do not have to be obvious set in either one. You don't have to follow army guidelines and are free to exploit the rich universes at your disposal.

I know that if I didn't place some kind of limit on this thing then I'd be reading novels until Christmas. Scriveners, you have 3000 words to work with. That's more than enough to weave a good tale, or to explore the actions of a character. Working within a parameter is going to be an equal test of your writing skill and how well you can put together a story in a limited space is going to be part of the judging process. A writer told me that you should take a poetry course in college because it forces you to write in a little box. I'm forcing you to write in a big box.

I'm not going to lay out a fancy table to numbers and standards for an entry to meet. I think that this makes writers play too much to the judge and reduces the diversity of works we get. Give me your best shot, I'll grade each entry fairly and you

The Citizen Levy

will receive a couple paragraphs outlining what I think of your work and why it placed where it did. As always comments will be helpful and constructive, so don't be afraid that I'm going to tear you to pieces. I hold the Scrivener's Contest in too high regard to demean anyone who enters it.

There are, however, things that I'm going to take into consideration. Originality won't hurt you. Outlandish and bizarre for the sake of outlandish and bizarre might. Don't be afraid to tell me the story of a hero, either. For the most part I'm going to be looking for a good solid story, one that engages me, and makes me go wow at the end. That said it's also a writing contest, proper grammar and spelling will only help you. Every piece of the story that I don't have to stumble over is going to be to your benefit. Regardless of whether or not English is your first language I encourage you to compete. Sure, you

might not win, but at the same time you will have participated.

I like the Scrivener's Contest because it puts members on the spot. You have to go out there, knowing full well the capabilities of those around you, and tell me a story. No other contest does that. You have to communicate with me, the judge, in order to win. There is nothing more satisfying than being able to put down a vision in your head on paper and then have someone else realize the same vision. That's what we do, we who write, and this Scrivener's Contest is intended for you to try and convey your ideas to me better than anyone else, and win the coveted title of Master Scrivener. It's not easy, but participating alone is worth it.

Wow me.

VictorK

To aide our most gracious host VictorK, two other judges have stepped forward. The first is Ruerl Khan, a veteran of many years of our community – contributing as a member of the staff back when we were known as Ulthuan.com. The other judge went by the name Tourney on Ulthuan.org, and is now known as Ricold – the site administrator of the Conclave of the Light Alliance. He has been with Ulthuan for some years as well. All three of these men are able judges of the works that will be submitted, and with the plenty time that has been given for this contest, may your minds be filled with ideas and may Asuryan be with you as you begin this contest!

Regards,

TimmyMWD
Loremaster of Asur.org